

NEWEST CONCEPTS OF FASHION ARE STARTLING IN INNOVATIONS

ONLY ONE SLEEVE IN LOOSE HANGING FOLD ON EVENING COSTUME

Pictures of Gowns in Days of Chivalry Recalled by Sleeves That Hang Loosely and With Abandon—Lenore Ulric's Gamine Creations Give New Motif to Designers for Fetching Audacity—Sweaters Brilliant in Color.

By FLORENCE GRIMES.

IN the gowns which Washington is showing now in her shops the discerning eye may catch hints of those which will be worn during the ensuing spring season.

Whimsical Dame Fashion has reached the very heights of inconsistency in her latest conceptions, and it would almost seem as though the laws of balance are leaving the world of fashion entirely.

The real audacity with which the mode launches the new styles and the unusual and startling the newest concepts of fashion will win the feminine heart. For what lady is there who does not secretly yearn to be above the commonplace and wear the unusual and extraordinary, provided it has beauty to accompany its daring?

One of these whims is that clever arrangement by which one sleeve gracefully falls over one arm and the other arm boasts of no sleeve at all. This style, which confines itself to soft fabric such as chiffon and lace, is only noticeable, of course, in formal afternoon and evening gowns and is never seen on the street.

Washington's younger set have taken up this novelty with a vim and at smart gathering places quite a number are seen. On a diaphanous chiffon evening gown of one dainty miss, her one and only sleeve hung in loose transparent folds, baring the arm from shoulder to wrist, where it was caught in with a narrow band. One looked for the other sleeve, but it was minus. Such is the way of fashion.

THE sleeves of today recall pictures and stories of medieval days when knights were bold and fair ladies had very young attendants hold their trains and draperies when they were presented at court. Sleeves today are becoming so long that who can tell; perhaps this olden custom will be revived and Washington at its gay banquets will witness noble ladies partaking of their soup with a small attendant at each side in dignified posture holding up the trailing sleeves.

SLEEVES have become so large in proportion that they form draperies on the skirt, hanging down on the sides and lending graceful lines to the gown. Embroidery, too, still reigns and serves to make many a sleeve attractive. On a lovely Castor crepe de chine gown at Jelleff's, a gorgeous Persian design is wrought in eastern colors on the extremely wide sleeves and bodice. The sleeves are edged with chiffon bands in the same beautiful colors and a steel girdle encircles the waist, ending in long coral and green beads.

LEONORE ULRICH, starring in "Kiki," in New York, wore a costume, which, although comic and curious, has nevertheless become an inspiration in the fashion world. At the shop of Margaret J. O'Connor, 1738 L street, is being displayed, by the courtesy of David Belasco, an exact reproduction of Miss Ulrich's costume from her

comical gigantic powder puff to her gay parasol.

Her costume comprises a gaudy checked gingham skirt and canna blouse, with a huge gingham bow. That hat is a small tan in a vivid green, with a perky feather at one side and a gay green scarf accompanies it. The amusing color scheme can be appreciated.

The fashionable note, however, is presented in the truly lovely parasols like the ones used by Miss Ulrich in the play. The "Kiki" parasol, as it is called, boasts a wooden handle fashioned in a unique way and wooden tips. The silk itself is resplendent in gay, but beautifully blended colors, and a gay tassel hangs from the handle.

The "Kiki" fad has also inspired the fashioning of adorable "Kiki" sweaters launched by the same shop. These are such that any young girl would crave, as they are unusual and artistic. They are hand-knitted, slip-over models in different colors, and at the neck a gay little replica of Leonore Ulrich is fashioned in wool. The same novel decoration is worked on the pendants that hang from the corded girdle. Mere words cannot describe them. To fully appreciate these artistic novelties one must see them. Of course, the costume for the part of the gamine is gaudy and comical, but the creative designer can achieve very clever novelties from the wardrobe, such as the clever sweater, scarf, parasol and powder puff.

AS soon as the weather becomes warmer sweaters and sport skirts will enjoy quite a sensational career. The sweaters are brilliant in color which seems to predict that the sport world will be as gay as ever. In the new skirt department opened at Parker-Bridget Company, tweeds and homespun, the popular fabrics, are in the majority. The wrap around model is undoubtedly the leader and promises to be very popular with the woman who goes since it allows a good deal of freedom in active sports.

This type of skirt is also a means of introducing contrast. On one imported plaid cashmere model in navy and white the underfacing of the overlapping side is white, revealing a striking contrast for the sport costume.

The fringed hem is also developed to a large extent and has met with wide approval by Washington's smart set.

PARKER BRIDGET COMPANY is also featuring the strictly tailored mannish shirt of silk broadcloth in all soft colors. The high collar is long pointed and the shirt is made very much like the men's shirts. The masculine influence on the feminine wardrobe this season is very pronounced.

FROM Risk Brothers comes this gown at the left, of lustrous black corded taffeta. The unusual lines are achieved by the skirt draped about the figure and ending on one side in long jet fringe and sequin ornamentation.

M. BROOKS & COMPANY displays this attractive evening gown at the right, featuring bouffant lines. Large taffeta flower trimmings accentuate its bouffancy and also trim the novel sleeves.

THE lovely hat above from M. Brooks & Company combines black milan and tomato taffeta. A large black poppy is the sole trimming, its petals being faced in tomato taffeta.

THE dress hat below from Leon Company is one of the eight hats sold to them at auction at the Fashion Show in New York. Brown lace and tulle fashions the soft upturned brim and a rose in mimosa shades hangs down through the slashed side.



While the extremely mannish style does not suit the plain woman, since it makes her look too severe, nevertheless, this style is very becoming to the buoyant, youthful type.

OLD fabrics invariably enter the mode used in new ways and now it is old-fashioned haircloth used years ago to cover furniture. Its new service, however, is very different from grandmother's days, for now it is used to advantage in millinery. Some of the most attractive hats displayed at Erie-bacher's are covered with haircloth. The sudden revival of this forgotten fabric is no doubt due to the desire for shiny ornamentation and trimmings in millinery.

On one jaunty toque it was swathed about the crown and its fringed ends protruded on each side in a feathery effect. Haircloth is very wiry, and when it is fringed on the ends it may be

swathed in all manner of ways with different effects. The advantage of haircloth is that it has so many possibilities since it supplies its own trimming.

PARIS has been wearing lengthened skirts for some time. In some instances the gowns worn at the gay French resorts by the mannequins barely clear the ground, and it is predicted that America will eventually follow suit. Although the afternoon and formal gowns worn about Washington by the matron are noticeably longer, still the skirts for sport wear continue short.

The younger generation, however, are loathe to give up the youthful short skirt. They do not entirely surrender to the long skirt, but cleverly strike a happy medium. The evening frock is at the usual length and the lengthened effect is achieved by a deep double hem of chiffon, which, al-

though transparent, neither makes the dress look long nor does it look short. This type has been adopted by many of the younger set and the idea is very chic.

The slim silhouette triumphs here as in Paris and in the latest gowns of the moment the lovely fabric swatches itself about the figure in graceful folds. It usually then ends in an extended point or perhaps a scant train fringed with beads.

Steel From Ore

A KILN which will form part of a revolving furnace, weighing in all 400 tons, has been sent to France by an English factory. It is part of the installation which French metallurgists claim will turn iron ore into steel without intermediary processes. The kiln, which was manufactured by Messrs. E. Allen & Co., of Sheffield, was taken to Hull by a special train of twenty-nine wagons. It is one of four now under construction.

Royal Embroideries Are 800 Years Old

BEAUTIFUL embroideries from the imperial palace at Peking have recently found their way to England via Port Arthur, and are now in London. They appear to have been in the possession of Prince Hsu, cousin of the emperor, minister plenipotentiary to Mongolia, commander of the imperial gendarmes, etc., who, when the revolution broke out in 1911, fled from Peking to Port Arthur, the capital of the leased territory in Manchuria.

Prince Hsu became acquainted at Port Arthur with the English adviser to the South Manchuria Railway Company (a Japanese government corporation), and when, owing to the financial straits of the Chinese republican government, the allowance set apart for the ex-imperial family was not forthcoming, the prince was compelled to part with his embroideries to his English friend.

PARIS SELECTS REDS OF FLAMING INTENSITY AS FAVORITE COLORS

Lips, Cheeks, Even Eyebrows Blossom Out in the Most Startling Hues in a Revolt From Black and White—Chinese Sunshades With Quaintly Painted Sticks, Topped by a Tuft of Monkey Hair, Newest Boulevard Conceit, Observer Says.

PARIS March 11.

DESPITE all the effusions about a record season which appear in certain journals, the truth about the Riviera is simply that the season has been a failure. The Cannes Conference, of course, gave it a momentary popularity.

But proprietors of most of the luxury hotels are complaining bitterly of the lack of patronage. They blame the weather, but even that has not been so extraordinary as the prices at certain hotels.

Riviera proprietors, I fancy, have had their first intimation that the good old golden days are over. Next season, perhaps, they will charge accordingly.

HOWEVER, the little crowd that has found its way to the coast of azure blue seems gay enough. The gossips find plenty to talk about.

There is, for instance, the story of the well-known society lady who met her "fate" in a ballroom. "Such a wonderful dancer," she told a friend. "To wait with him is simply a dream. And so cultured, too!"

One evening new acquaintances invited her to dinner. Things went very happily till the footman entered. At the sight of him she fell back fainting in her chair. The footman was her "beautiful dancer."

LUCK has played the devotees at the Monte Carlo gaming tables some strange tricks this season. So far no tragedies have come to light, but there have been hairbreadth escapes.

One superbly dressed woman, by the recklessness of her play, made herself the talk of the tables. The luck ran consistently against her.

One night, with flushed cheeks and eye unnaturally bright, she played even more recklessly than usual—and lost. She came to her last 1,000 francs and staked it. With a silvery laugh she flung her counter on the table, not caring where it went.

It fell on the red and red won! That was the beginning of a run of remarkably good luck, and she left with a small fortune.

I HAVE just seen some of the sensational sunshades which, still jealously guarded in the Paris warehouses, are to be a feature of the coming summer-time.

The quaintest sticks, only about two feet long, but as thick as the fair owner's wrist, enameled in Chinese designs from the handle to point, are among the novel features of the new sunshades.

The quaintest touch of all is perhaps the tuft of monkey hair which decorates the end of the stick and falls over the open shade like a silky plume.

MME. SARAH BERNHARDT is simply delighted with the compliment paid her by the American cinema world.

A great film festival, it seems, is being arranged on this side of the Atlantic in commemoration of the invention of the cinematograph and the divine Sarah is coming to America to take part as the Queen of Drama.

American film producers, of course, never forgot Mme. Bernhardt's services in popularizing the picture play when she appeared some years ago in that wonderful film, "Queen Elizabeth."

That she is to brave the fatigue of a trip to America at the age of seventy-four is remarkable. But the ovation that awaits her in the United States is proving a great attraction. For ovations are the elixir of life to the great tragedienne.

Among the cinema stars who have signed the invitation which I have been privileged to see are Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Norma Talmadge, and Wallace Reid, and a host of others.

SOME brainy mathematician, struck with the dancing craze in the Gay City, has been calculating exactly the energy expended during one night in a dancing hall by the average fair Parisienne.

In an average dance, says the man of figures, she travels a mile in twenty minutes, while at a ball lasting from 10 at night till 5 in the morning, her pretty feet make no less than 54,000 steps.

And he wonders why, in the daytime, she cannot walk 100 yards without declaring herself tired and calling for a taxi.

THE fortunes of the new French Ministry all depend on an old felt hat!

It belongs to M. Magnot, the Minister of War. Despite the fact that it is old and somewhat battered, M. Magnot would not part with it for worlds. For the hat, he declares, is his luck bringer and he never hangs his precious headwear on its perch without carefully covering it with a handkerchief.

"If that hat perished," he declared the other day, "down would come the Government."

French Cabinet ministers have a weakness for this kind of thing. M. Briand, the ex-premier, pinned his faith to a little statue which always stood on his office table.

THE absurd rumor somehow got about just recently that Mile. Cecile Sorel intended to follow the example of Mile. La Valliere, who some time ago mysteriously left the footlights for a life of religious seclusion. Mile. Sorel's silvery laugh was sufficient answer to the anxious inquiry as to the truth of the rumor.

How it got about is explained by the fact that just recently the charming actress avowed that she liked only religious music. That, of course, was enough for Parisian gossips. But Mile. Cecile has certainly no intention of "taking the veil."

FOR the most unusual of things in stageland, I believe that of Mile. Vivian Martini, who is at present making a great hit in "Monsieur, My Husband," "takes the cake."

Her pastime is cooking and nothing delights her more, when work is done, than to roll her sleeves about her dimpled elbows and to evolve new dishes in her mother's kitchen.

When asked her greatest wish, Mile. Vivian clasped her hands. "Just to invent a new dish which someone would put in a cookery book," she said fervently.

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